

THE SONG OF THE FROST KING.

BY W. TYLER OLCOTT. I'm king of the Alpine heights; I'm lord of the snow-capped peaks; For me the avalanches roar, And the "cold-wrought silence"

speaks. I dwell in a palace of gleaming snow, Where the cloud-mists dream of the sunset glow.

At my heels the wind-dogs cringe: At my word they swiftly dash In mad career, over all the world. For they fear my stinging lash; And the dawn-pink lingers alone for

In the glorious light of the golden sea.

I'm king of the rock-bound creats; I'm lord of the rugged steeps; For me the frost-sprite weaves a veil, And the sluggish glacier creeps, I'm monarch of Earth's vast Solitude. Where the frost and the cold forever

ACHRISTMAS WOOING

BY E. B. BARTEN.

There has been many a memorable Christmas in my life, seared and scarred as it is by Time's rebuff's, but none is so fixed in my mind as that of 18-, none that comes back to me with so stirring, so boldly-outlined. so sweet a memory.

Perhaps it is as well not to dilate on my personality in that year, except to that I was fresh from college. and full of the energy with which we all begin the real battle of life, Perhaps I was handsome. I thought so, at least, although I was not vain, and I am quite sure that one other certainly agreed with me. I was at-but I must stop descanting on myself, for Lout but a sorry figure in this tale.

Among my circle of acquaintances at college was Eugene Kerr, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, keensouled and bright-eyed, dark-featured and handsome, taller than I by several inches, and with a nature as free and open as his speaking sparkling eyes. It was to his home that I had been invited to spend the holidays before engaging in the business of which I was destined to become the head in a few years.

As usual at these gatherings, we my whole soul had suddenly gone out the sister of my friend Eugene. Her head was covered with dark, shining, chestnut hair, luxuriant hair. that looked all the more luxuriant, perhaps, by reason of the careless her head. The great gray eyes were set deeply under a straight wide spoil the Christmas party by any brow. A delicate nose that would hasty departure, turn up a little when she lifted her On the following day, the day before hand, and a spiendidly-cut, clever, Christmas, I summoned all my courwide mouth, the lips of which parted age and went down stairs, into the every now and then with a sweet smile, were there. This was her face, on Mrs. Kerr's face had undergone a and it was fair enough; but it was delightful change. She fairly beamed her figure, her glarious, graceful, full, on me, and a lurking suspicion filled

yet I noticed from time to time a cold- no other way could I explain the rhapmess in the voice and face of Mrs. sodic expression on the mother's face. Kerr, the mother of my young friends. and the sadness that seemed to have She was a stately matron, and in her come over the younger woman. That sweeping black velvet dress and softscorled about her head and throat, play the coquette though she knew looked strikingly handsome.

Grace that was the name of the daughter-seemed at times to be under ceived a message late in the morning noticed that the conversation would few hours on a matter of business ag when the elder woman entered Eugene had arranged a sleighing the room, and that all the airy gayety party for the afternoon, and this I of the mother.

which I had determined to fathom and so I proceeded about it in anything but a diplomatic manner, for I was young and thoughless. My whole soul had become wrapped up in Grace. She was the ideal woman I had pictured in my dreams, and I had determined that she must be mine at any cost.

I did not even know that I was loved Grace. in return.

"Gene," I remarked, one morning, ning and hoping, "I want to talk with you about a matter that concerns me nearly-concerns us both."

He looked at me in some little imazement. Then putting his arm through mine, laughingly pushed me along, saying, "Well I should judge from your long face, it's something serious. Drive it away, old man, don't sort with your cares during the holidays. Never worry in December. January is an awful good month for broken yows, worriments and all that ort o' thing."

"Gene, I'm going to blurt it out and have it over with, I'm head over heels in love with your sister!"

"Walter!" If I haven't mentioned it before I will say the above is my given name. atthough it really has nothing to do

with the story.

There was that in Eugene's face which fairly dazed me. He seemed terror-stricken at my abrupt but simple announcement. All the acts of my life passed before me, for I was in vain endeavoring to find a cause for his consternation, and then I poured out my soul.

"Truly, 'Gene, there can be nothing against me. I have some wealth, excellent prospects, I am not a roue-"Hush, my boy," cried Eugene, "It isnt that! why my sister has been engaged for a year, and do you think

my mother would ever forego a coronet! It's impossible!" "Engaged! A corenet! What do you mean," I cried.

"I mean simply this," he replied. putting his hands on my shoulders, "Grace was abroad with mother, a year ago as you know. At that time but please remember that this is all At the Kerr home, a delightful confidential, it's a family secret-Lord country residence near New York, I Deerland fell madly inlove with Grace was but one of a gay young party, for and proposed for her hand. Mother the Kerr family kept open house for accepted the young man with alacrity. a score of friends during the holidays. and I think Grace likes him. The formal announcement is to be made after were thrown together continually, and the holidays and they are to be married in the spring. That's all there is to the story, my boy, and now don't make a fuss over it, but just accept

the inevitable." I presume I looked crestfallen after this disclosure and for twenty-four way in which it was wrapped about hours kept to my room, determined to get over my chagrin and not to

nedst of the gayety. The expression yet supple figure that struck me most, my mind. 'Gene had undoubtedly Nor was she averse to my attentions. | told his mother and sister all, for in of course was simply pity, I argued. falling delicate white lace, which | She was like all the others, ready to

she would break a heart or two. By a most fortunate chance I respell of the mother's eye. I which summoned me to the city for a sprightimess of the daughter was forced to forego. My train left ald disappear upder the withesing shortly after noon, and I was waiting at the station scanning a paper, my was a secret, a mystery thoughts on a sweet face in the Kerr

home, when I beard my name mentioned by the agent as he directed was a telegram announcing the comme that it would not be necessary for me to leave.

On this triffing incident hung my I look back to those days with fate, for when I returned I found that wonderment, more perhaps at my own the only one of the party who had not temerity under the circumstances, for felt equal to the long drive was-Miss

She saw me coming up the hill, and in her amazement as I afterward asafter I had lain awake all night plan- certained, thought I had purposely deceived her mother and brother. Oh, but her beart was beating for

some one, and when she met me I knew by her sweet eyes that all the ers" and directory searchers, who are happiness of the days before my dis- kept busy for the express purpose of closure had come back to her heart. I had her all to myself that after-

noon, that glorious afternoon, the radiance of which has sent its light to the post-office, New York, with the ong the nathway of my whole I dare not tell you what occurred. except to say that when the party came back I had my telegram to ex-

plain my sudden return but no word of explanation for the joy in my soul. And now for the finale. Yet it was only a finals to the old lady's ambition, and but the beginning of my "long sweet story."

The Christmas dinner was on! could tell you every detail of it. could tell you where Grace sat, and I remember distinctly every flower in ed "misdirected," as in the reproducher corsage. I see in my mind's eye every laughing face, every feature of where, it was supposed, Goat Street the table and of the room. Aye, I might be found. The clerks thought remember even the dainty countrymaid, with her natty cook's cap, coming into the room with a steaming fowl. You must bear in mind that this was long ago, before the days of the country house luxury which now to bring me a hobby horse. I don't prevails.

maid, for it was at that moment that told me not to ask for him, because I Grace, contrary to all banquet formu. probably would make you very mad, las, arose, and looked her mother so you wouldn't give me anything at and brother full in the face, her eyes all, and if I got him I wouldn't have aglow with the spirit within, her face any place to keep him. A man I of American pluck, and her stately get him for me. I thought you might form like that of a queen,

"I want you all," she said, "to listen Affectionately, to an American girl's Christmas determination. Perhaps what I am going enough. think it is according to right. I, an than nothing at all. American girl, promise to become the wife only of an American citizen. I

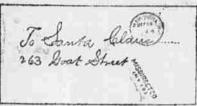
of the mother. I am quite sure that the "squeak cat for the baby." it completely spoiled her Christmas My Dear Santa Claus, the sentiment to the echo.

As for Eugene! Why, he is a sensible to it at the top for you to put the ble fellow, and he rather prides him things in. Piese bring me a della some one to the house on the hill. It self on his brother-in-law even to this pram. If it is too big to put in my day. Mrs. Kerr never fully forgave stocking piese tie it outside where I pletion of the business and informing me, and even to her dying day occas can see it. Dear Santa Claus I do ionally referred in the saddest of ac- like butter scotch. Plese not forget to cents to "that dear broken-hearted bring some, also some nuts and or-Lord Deerland."

for the Christmas dinner even as I write.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS. Post-office Authorities Find Them Frequently at Christmas Time.

In every well-regulated post-office of large size there is a corps of "guessfinding out where people live, when addresses are carelessly or not fully written out. Last year a letter came



superscripton "To Santa Claus, 263 Goat Street." There is no Goat street in New York, so the letter was stamption above, and sent to Washington, that fuller directions might be discovered inside, so they opened the envelope, and found the following letter:-

Dear Santa,-When I said my prayers last night I told God to tell you want a hobby horse, really. A honest-I recall the arrival of the dainty ly lively horse is what I want, Mamma handsomer than ever in its framing know will keep him, he says, if you like to know. Please don't be mad --John. P. S .- A Shetland pony would be

to say is not according to rule, but I P. S .- I'd rather have a hobby horse

Another letter, written by a girl of seven, who is sometimes "norty," was promise that I will preside over an sent off some time ago, in order that American home or over none at all." | Santa might have a good opportunity I cannot picture the consternation to get the doll's baby carriage and

dinner. The guests, who knew noth- I hope you are quite well. I have ing of the mother's plans, applauded got a great big stocking reddy to hang up at Xmas. There is only one big

et dojn the star of Bethlehem Shed LUSTER PURE AND SWEET. STILL IT LOOKS, AS SURE IT LED, MESSIANS PERT. OUR HEARTS REVOICE TO SEE HOW CHILDREN, GIRDED BY ITS RAY, COME TO THE SAVIORS KNEED MALIAM CULLEN BRYANE

anges. My teacher tells me you will And Grace! Why, she's dressing look at my face to see if I have been good. I am norty sometimes but piese don't forget me, and bring a horse for my little Tommy and a squeak cat for



the baby. I love you very much and one you will not forget poor little Hmmy who lives at Hope Cottage.

For individuality, and expression of sweet, womanly nature, the following letter, written by an eleven-yearold girl, could hardly be surpassed:-My Dear Santa Claus

I have been counting up the weeks to Christmas and am longing for the dime to come. You have put something m my stocking lots of times, so please Dear Santa Claus, remember me tgain. Last year I wanted a dear litde baby a real live one you know but i suppose it was too cold, and besides I did not write to you as I am doing low, so it did not come. Please bring me one this year, a little girl if you an. I have saved money enough to puy a cradle, and I can get plenty of inunclette to keep it warm. As bapleanre so expensive I will not ask for in ling else for myself. Please pring a chooky pig for my little Clement. He will be nearly two years old then Good-bye dear Daddy Christmas, with my best love, hoping you will not forget little Gertie.

P.S.-If you really do manage to bring the baby, please not forget the feeding bottle.

GETTING AN EARLY START,



First Bunny-"Isn's Santa Claus start ng rather early this year?" Second Bunuy-"Yes, he is; but poodness, he's got o go clear to Manila!" -Minneapolis Tribune.

Une minerialite.

"Poor Alice had to give up her bleyde riding. She past sould not learn."

"And why mat?" "She was so ment to driving a horse hat she kept firking at the handle- Tribune. sars all the time as if they were a mir of reins." - indianapolis Journal.

Visitor What kind of a man is your teighbor, Mr. Flour at bicyclists fill their tires with air the stuff they write ? I'm been his farm. Puck.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

BY CARL SMITH. Oh, the whoffy-duff was the prettiest That a toy shop ever knew, With a great, long tall and with goosequill wings,
And a glass eye good and true

But his wings are gone and his tail's pulled out, And his head is twisted awry, For the goo-goo has torn him limb from limb. And has swallowed the whuffy-duff's

eye. The ooglety-dum had a wobbling head, And a nice, round, curving horn, And a tall that would almost wag it-

And a nose turned up in scorn; But the coglety-dum isn't scornful He is meek and as sad as can be, For the goo-goo has torn his short horn

And has broken his tall in three. whank-whank-whank used to squeak her Joy-

That is, when properly pressed-With a voice that was hidden away somewhere In the depths of her hollow breast: But I wish you could see the hapless corpse That is lying here on the bed;

Oh, the whank-whank-whank has a ghastly look Since the goo-goo tore off her head. And yet, in spite of her deadly work, The goo-goo is dear to me

Though she kill and maim I shall love her still, And her comrade in crime I'll be. For when I turned and looked just now Where she lay in her trundle bed, She reached me the wreck of the oogle-

ty-dum. And "Papa" is what she said. -The Ladies' Home Journal. IN POVERTY ROW.



One of Them Had to Surrender.

During the revolution a little Amer can privateer stole up on a Britan line of battle ship in a fog. mistaking her for an East India merchana, and ordered her to strike. When the seven ty-four ran out her guns and threatened to blow her puny assailant out of the water, the Yankee slepper step ped to the gangway, sail taking off his hat, said politely: "Oh, very well, sir; if you won't surrender, I will"--Philadelphia Inquirer,

Appearance Decoptive. "You haven't changed much acce I saw you last."

"You mistake. When you saw mo Inst I was a Populist . . . a anti-expenalonist and a free pilve to 1 am berg a gold standard Report on engantions

Se. Embranco. "It's on me. What'll you drank?" "I've quit drinking, too "-Chicage

"Yes," said the young man, "Eterary work is very fatiguing." "I should imagine as," replied Miss Farmer Hornbeak-Wa'al, for one Cayenne. "When I realize that some fallng, he is so many that he won't authors have to keep that prints on

sorry for them."-Washington Sur.

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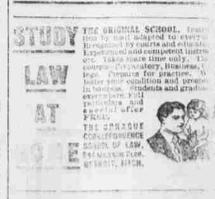
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